WILL AMERICA CATCH PAGEANTITIS?

THE DUKE OF SUFFOLK ADDRESSING KING HENRY VI.
SCENE FROM THE BURY ST EDMUNDS PAGEANT

Pageantitis is prevalent in the British Isles at the present time, and it would not be at all surprising if the craze for the brilliant shows, illustrative of historic incidents, would spread to this country. In fact among the spectators of these spectacular celebrations there are none more enthusiastic than the American visitors to England, and they go away asking the question: "Why should not America have its historic pageants, too?" To be sure, America's history does not go so far back as England's, but what there is of it is extremely picturesque and by no means lacking in thrilling scenes. There are no armor-clad nights concerned in it, but the redskins in their war paint, from a spectacular view, would be just as effective.

Historical pageants have become so popular in England that though the first of them was held only two years ago, no less than a dozen have been given this summer in as many different towns of John Bull's tight little island. Next year there probably will be twice as many. Before many years have elapsed it is likely that every town in England with any claim to historic renown will have held its open air theatricals, depicting memorable scenes in its annals.

The secret of the popularity of this form of entertainment is not far to seek. They afford realistic glimpses of the past such as can be obtained in no other way. They present lessons in history in the most attractive form. They encourage civic pride and local research into the manners and customs of old times. They are far more interesting than ordinary "exhibitions" with their monotonous repetitions of things most of us have seen before.

The matter of fairs and expositions has been rather overdone in America, and it is certain that any new form of popular entertainment would meet hearty approval, and why not the historic pageant. As we have said, America has not the long line of historic incidents from which to choose material for such spectacular shows, but surely the early settlements on American soil, the Indian fights, the colonial wars, the revolution, the war of 1812, afford a wealth of material for vivid tableaux of fascinating interest which would present an epitome of progress and development well worth seeing.

The making of the necessary costumes for American pageants would be a much simpler and less costly undertaking than making them for English pageants, because the folk who have made American history were not given to putting on style. At the same time their costumes were by no means lacking in picturesqueness.

It is estimated that the 12 pageants which make up this year's program will cost $1,250,000. The Bury St. Edmunds pageant continued through six days. The ancient town is so chock full of history that it could provide far more episodes than the seven treated by Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker the dramatic author, and the originator of the historic pageant idea. They begin with a scene representing the villa Faustini and the revolt of Boadicea. They continue through the story of the martydom of King Edmund, the tale of the great monastery and the negligent secular priests in whose keeping the body of the sainted monarch was intrusted. Here it is shown how Canute comes to Bury, dispossesses the secular priests, introduces the Benedictine monks, and founds the monastery, with Uvius as first abbot. Later is interwoven the story of the famous Abbot Samson, dealt with by Carlyle in "Past and Present." After the meeting of the barons at Bury, where they swear to force King John to ratify the charter of Henry I., comes the murder of Humphrey, duke of Gloucester. The last episode, entitled "The Dawn of a New Age," brings the pageant up to 1550. It shows Mary Tudor present at St. Matthew's fair. Later it deals with the dissolution, the dispersal of the monks and the sale of the abbey for $2,065; also with the foundation of the first of King Edward VI.'s 30 grammar schools.

Liverpool has just celebrated the seven hundredth anniversary of its foundation with a pageant. The ancient town of St. Albans, which suffers from an embarrassment of riches in the matter of historic associations, also had its pageant, as did Carisbrooke castle, Isle of Wight, where Charles I. was imprisoned.

The Oxford pageant, which ran from June 27 to July 3, achieved a brilliant success and attracted thousands of American visitors to the old university town. That of Romsey abbey, which preceded it, was a scarcely less notable triumph. The gray abbey itself, the milenary of whose foundation was thus commemorated, is admittedly the most perfect example of a Norman conventical building in the kingdom. It is true to its type—a sturdy bulldog of a building. Doubtless that is why it has lasted out the centuries so wonderfully.

Mr. Parker when appealed to as to the possibility of successful historical pageants in America replied:

"My knowledge of American history is limited, but I should say that towns in America with histories suited to reproduction in the form of pageants are rare. But there are a few of them that would lend themselves to such a purpose admirably. Plymouth, Mass., for intsance, would be an ideal place for such a show. I could imagine none better in America. According to my ideas, speaking offhand, an historic pageant there should be worked out something like this: The first tableau should depict a scene in the English town from whence it takes its name. Successive tableaux should represent the landing of the Pilgrim fathers, the early trials of the settlers and their struggles with the Indians, the split with the mother land, and so on through the independent history of the country.

"Salem, Mass., is another town that affords abundant material for an historic pageant, the witch incident, especially, being well adapted to dramatic representation. Boston is another city that has the necessary history, but fine city though it is, from what I have seen of it I should say its people are too busy to bother about pageants. The same is true of New York. Its population is too cosmopolitan and too much absorbed in trade and commerce to enter with enthusiasm into the preparation of an historic pageant. There are many people there who know nothing and care nothing about the history of the city."

But the towns in America whose history goes back far enough to afford good material for the presentation of pageants in them are by no means so limited as Mr. Parker appears to think. Anybody familiar with American history could easily specify a dozen or more that would well answer the purpose.

DIDN'T WORK THAT TIME.

Conductor Was on to Scheme of the Lady Grafter.

The girl at the corner looked worried. She glanced up and down the street expectantly, says the Chicago Record-Herald. She was evidently waiting for some one. Two cars passed. The motorman turned off the power and applied the brake, but the girl motioned them to go on. Just before the third car arrived another girl darted out of a near-by flat building.

"Hello, Edna! Hurry up, the car is coming," screamed the girl on the corner.

The young women had to struggle to secure a foothold on the rear platform.

"Fare, please," he said, addressing the girl who had stood on the corner.

She felt for her pocketbook—in her muff, her cloak, her shirt waist. She could not find it.

"I must have left my purse at home—it is so embarrasing," she murmured.

Her voice quavered and the men on the platform thrust their hands in their pockets for the necessary nickel.

"Why, I've got the change right here," broke in Edna.

The conductor took the proffered dime. Some of the passengers were indignant at the peculiar smile that played about his lips.

One of the men on the rear platform asked the conductor why he had smiled at the predicament of the girl who had stood at the corner.

"We call her the street car grafter," replied the conductor. "I get her on my car thre or four times a week, and every time she rides with me she works the same game."

The Girl in the Gallery

By Ex-Congressman W. H. (Buck) Hinrichen

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There were two factions in the Republican party in the Seventh Congressional district. One faction, called the Silk Stockings, contained the men of wealth and influence. The other, called the Barefoot Brigade, was made up of disappointed office seekers, men of unsettled occupation and those of anarchistic and socialistic tendencies.

For many years the Silk Stocking element had been in control. The Republican party had a large majority in the district, and all nominations were equivalent to elections. The Silk Stockings dictated the nominations and filled the offices with their own men. They had built up a machine harmonious in all its details and working perfectly in advancing the ambitions of its masters.

The Barefoot Brigade was of wavering and uncertain size. They were without organization and the attempts of any of them to assume leadership were promptly put down by the jealousies of their friends. Occasionally they caused the Silk Stockings annoyance by their meetings in which they loudly denounced machine politics and the power of wealth, but a few kegs of beer or some minor offices pacified them and their actual opposition was slight.

The congressional district was composed of five counties. Every two years each of these countries held an election, voted for the man they desired as a candidate for the congressman and selected delegates to the congressional convention; the population of a county determined number of its delegates. These delegates were instructed to vote in the convention for the candidate chosen by their county and to use all honorable means to secure his nomination.

The conventions had heretofore been only formalities. The Silk stockings agreed upon a candidate for congressman and the counties nominated him.

But conditions had been slowly changing. Young men of ability were growing up and in the old, conservative faction there was no place for them. They gradually formed an organization of their own, drew into it the Barefoot Brigade and those who had been drifting between the two factions, and worked out a series of plans by which they could eventually gain some recognition and power in the party.

For the first time the Barefoot Brigade had a candidate. Hiram Stevens, a wealthy lumber dealer of Sherman county, announced his desire for the nomination for congressman. He was a man of excellent standing, and had never affiliated with either faction. This was his first political experience.

The Silk Stockings chose Randolph Hardin of Allen county as their candidate.

The strength of the new group was not suspected, and election day brought a stunning surprise. The barefoot Brigade had carried three counties for Stevens and the Silk Stockings two for Hardin. The returns showed: Allen, 21 for Hardin; Blaine, 10 for Stevens; Morton, 16 for Hardin; Sherman, 27 for Stevens; York, 12 for Stevens. Total: Hardin, 37; Stevens, 49.

The convention was to be held in Allendale, the county seat of Allen county, and the home of Hardin. The evening before the convention a discouraged, disheartened group of Silk Stockings sat in Hardin's library discussing their defeat. There were but two ways by which they could yet nominate their man; by persuading the other candidate to withdraw or by buying his delegates. So far all their efforts to persuade or to buy had been unsuccessful.

"It looks as if we were completely done for," said one of the men from Morton county.

"You'd better withdraw, Hardin, give Stevens your delegates, and make the nomination unanimous," advised one of the leaders.

"Not yet," said Jones, Hardin's political manager and the chairman of the Allen county delegation. "The convention does not meet until noon tomorrow. Something may turn up before then."

"It isn't possible," said one of the men. "These fellows are after our scalps, and they'll get them. Stevens has no antagonism toward us, but he wants to go to congress. We can't change his mind for him and we can't get his delegates."

"I never saw such a stubborn crowd as those Stevens delegates," grumbled a prominent Silk Stocking. "They don't know what money looks like, and they don't care to know. We can't do anything with them."

"Sherman county, Stevens' home, will stay with him, of course," said Jones, "and the chairman of the Blaine county delegation is his brother, so we can't do anything with them. York county is our only hope. If we could, by any possible chance, get it—"

"But we can't," said a Morton county man. "Jack French is chairman of that delegation, and he is practically the leader of the Barefoot Brigade. We can't do any business with him."

"Chairman Jones threw his cigar into the fire and rose from his chair. "We'd better clear out, fellows," he said, "and let Hardin get some sleep. It's too late to do anything to-night."

The others left, but Jones remained.

"Hardin," he said when they were alone, "we must do something with York county."

Hardin shook his head despondently.

"It seems to me," said Jones, significantly, "that you ought to be able to do something with French. Isn't there a gentle influence that could be used?"

"I do not understand you?" said Hardin.

"There was a time," said Jones, "when French came to this house very often and it was said that he was engaged to your daughter.

Hardin frowned. My daughter has been in Europe for a year."

"But she returned to-day," said Jones.

"I shall not permit her to have any part in my political affairs," said Hardin, haughtily. "Besides, she and French are no longer friends. They quarreled before she went abroad."

"Have you talked to him about this nomination?" asked Jones.

"No; I knew it was a waste of time and words."

"Suppose I telephone him to come here now," said Jones. "It will do no harm."

"And no good, either," said Hardin.

Jones telephoned to the hotel at which the York county delegation was staying, and in a few minutes French was in Hardin's library.

Hardin received him cordially, and explained that they had sent for him to discuss the situation and expressed a hope that a compromise between the factions might be effected.

The young man listened politely. "Mr. Hardin," he said respectfully, "there can be no question of a compromise. My county is pledged to Mr. Stevens and we shall nominate him to-morrow. I regret that this means your defeat, for personal reasons I should be glad to do anything in my power for you. But this is a political matter, and I must support Stevens."

"Mr. French," said Jones slowly, "our people can do a great deal for a young man. We are rich, and we never forget favors."

For a moment French looked at him with a cold contempt in his strong, honest face that embarrassed even the hardened politician. Then he bowed to Hardin and left the room.

The convention met in the court house at noon the next day. The great hall was filled with people assembled to witness the downfall of the Silk Stockings and the nomination of Mr. Stevens. The usual preliminaries were disposed of and the chairman ordered the secretary to call the roll of the counties.

"Allen county," called the secretary.

"Twenty-one votes for Hardin," responded the chairman of the Allen county delegation.

"Blaine county," called the secretary.

"Ten votes for Stevens," said the Blaine chairman.

"Morton county."

"Sixteen votes for Hardin."

"Sherman county."

"Twenty-seven votes for Stevens."

"York county."

Mr. French rose in his place to cast the vote of his county, the vote that was to nominate Mr. Stevens.

"Twelve votes for—"

He stopped suddenly. In the gallery above the secretary's desk sat a girl. She was leaning over the railing looking down at him. It was the girl he loved, the girl who would have been his wife had not a misunderstanding come between them, the girl he believed was in Europe.

"Vote," whispered one of his delegates excitedly. "Vote."

The room was very still but he did notice it. He saw only the girl in the gallery and unconsciously the words came from his lips.

"Twelve votes for Hardin."

The roar that went up from the entire audience showed what he had done. He realized that without intention he had nominated Hardin and betrayed his own candidate. The face of the girl told him that she knew it was a mistake, and it also told him something that made even the angry denunciations and accusations sound to him like sweetest music.

Costly Experiment.

"By Gosh, but Uncle Hezekiah is down on them Washington officials," said the old farmer with the big scythe.

"What is the trouble?" inquired the windmill repairer.

"Why, yeou see, the Washington folks sent out a circular saying that 'skeeters could be killed with kerosene."

"What happened then?"

"'Most everything happened, stranger; 'most everything. Yeou see, Uncle Hezekiah tried the experiment. He hunted around half the morning and broke his suspenders before he could ketch a live 'skeeter. Then when he did ketch one he took him out in the yard and ducked his head down in a big can of kerosene. While Uncle Hezekiah was bending over the sun reflected through the corner of his spectacles and set fire to the oil. Before Uncle Hezekiah could get away it burned half his whiskers and exploded his celluloid collar. And, worst of all, Uncle Hezekiah isn't sure whether the 'skeeter was killed or not."

A grasshopper can jump 200 times its own length.

Coming Irrigation Congress

HON GEORGE E. CHAMBERLAIN

CROP OF OATS RAISED ON IRRIGABLE LAND NEAR FAIRVIEW, MONT.

Not the least of the many national gatherings of the present year, both as to numbers in attendance and the importance of the matters to be discussed, will be the National irrigation congress, which will convene in fifteenth annual session at Sacramento, Cal., on the second day of September, and continue its business through five days. Irrigation has long since passed the experimental stage in the United States, and each year since the first congress was held has seen the interest and attendance grow until now there is no section of the country scarcely but that is represented in the body. And not only will irrigation matters be discussed and the latest movements in the work be fully reported upon and encouragement given to government and private irrigation enterprises, but there is to be practical ocular demonstration of the value of irrigation in the splendid exhibition of fruits and vegetables and grains grown upon lands which were formerly desert, and which have been transformed under the magic touch of the irrigation ditch.

In fact, this last will prove one of the most fascinating features of the congress. It is expected that every state in which there is irrigated land will send exhibitions of their products, and there will be sharp competition for the magnificent list of handsome and valuable trophies which have been offered. The management, under the leadership of Mr. W. A. Beard, of the executive committee, has announced that no less than 16 handsome gold and silver loving cups especially designed and manufactured for the occasion will be offered for interstate competition by prominent men and business houses of California and other states. The enthusiasm for this event is increasing as the time for the opening of the congress draws near. Especially is this true throughout the irrigated area, and the irrigation districts are preparing to send their best in order to capture some of the handsome prizes. In fact farmers on irrigated land are already preparing to forward their prize fruits, grains, and vegetables.

All things point to the certainty that this will be the finest exhibition of the products of irrigated lands ever before made in the United States, and the Californians who will entertain the congress at Sacramento are preparing as a feature of the occasion a magnificent allegorical parade, which, if carried out along the lines now contemplated, will be the finest pageant ever witnessed in all the great west.

Among the numerous trophies and prizes which will be offered is a magnificent punch bowl of solid silver and massive proportions and exquisite workmanship, the gift of Baker & Hamilton, and presented as a prize for the best display of irrigated cereal products. It stands 15¾ inches in height and measures 13¾ inches in diameter across the top of the bowl. The decorative scheme is worked out in repousse hand work, illustrating cereals grown on irrigated land. The minutest details of this feature of the design are vividly developed, the corn tassels and barley beards standing out in the most natural manner. The artistic management of this effect reflects great credit upon the skill and taste of both the designer and the manipulator of the precious metal. Inscriptions will be placed on medalions left plain on the exterior of the bowl for that purpose. Upon one of these will be wrought the official medal of the fifteenth National Irrigation congress.

Former Governor George C. Pardee, of California, who was twice president of the congress, has offered a silver loving-cup for interstate competition in the exposition. The Pardee cup will be given for the best state exhibit of fruits grown by irrigation.

The Pabst Brewing company has offered to the management of the congress a $500 loving-cup to be hung up for interstate competition at the exposition. The Pabst cup will no doubt stimulate wide-spread interest and keen competition. Most of the irrigated states grow hops to some extent; some are large producers and exporters.

And so the list of trophies to be offered at Sacramento continues to grow. It now numbers no less than 16 handsome gold and silver loving-cups and especially designed trophies, representing an aggregate cost of nearly $10,000. Competition is open to all states except California.

But in matter of attendance the congress will be also noteworthy. Surely the term "national" will be strictly applicable to the coming conclave as the commercial east, the agricultural south and the undeveloped north are to be represented as well as the new west. Indeed, it is a question if the term "international" would not be more fitting as applied to the congress, as many foreign countries, among them Australia, the farthest away, and Canada, our neighbor, will have representatives present. An opportunity will be offered at the session to further national effort in conservation and development, and speakers have been chosen to discuss the effect of such effort in the various industries of the country who have made a thorough study and know whereof they speak. Not only have irrigationists and agriculturists been invited to attend the sessions of the congress, but the manufacturers of the east, whose business is dependent upon streams for power, the southerner who must drain his land in order to make it fruitful and the man of commerce whose interest is in navigation.

In addition to such attendance Congressman Theodore E. Burton of Ohio, chairman of the Inland Waterways commission, has notified the chairman of the executive committee that the commission will be represented at the fifteenth session. The following members of the commission have been delegated by Mr. Burton to represent that body in the irrigation congress: Senator Francis Newlands of Nevada, Senator John H. Bankhead of Alabama, Gifford Pinchot, United States forester; F. H. Newell, director reclamation service; and Dr. W. J. McGee, secretary of the commission, and former president of the National Geographical society. The presence of members of this very important body will be important factor in the congress. To what extent the specific work of the commission will figure in the discussion cannot be foretold, but it is certain that the larger effort in the direction of the streams and the preservation of their watersheds will form an important topic of general discussion.

The suggestion that the eastern forest reserve question be discussed at the session has created much interest among prominent men of the eastern states who are identified with the movement to establish reserves in the Appalachian and White mountains. Letters have been received from all over the eastern states approving the suggestion and expressing the hope that the matter will be scheduled for discussion at the Sacramento meeting. The officers of the fifteenth congress are: President, Hon. George E. Chamberlain of Oregon; first vice president, Hon. John H. Smith of Utah; second vice president, Hon. H. B. Maxson, Nevada; third vice president, Hon. G. E. Barstow, of Texas; secretary, D. H. Anderson of Chicago, Ill.

A STORY OF LIVINGSTONE.

Explorer Won Admiration of Powerful African Chief.

Francois Coillard, for many years a missionary in Africa, told an odd story of David Livingstone, the famous explorer. Coillard was staying at a village in Bechuanaland. One morning, hearing a noise and unaccountable agitation, he ran out of his hut to find the place invested by the Makololos, under Sebitomane, a mighty chief. Livingstone, who had a sjambok in his hand, felt so indignant at the pillage that, seeing a man crawling out of one of the huts, he brought down several blows on his back, which made the blood start and raised welts. It was Sebitoane himself. He rose, seized Livingstone in fury by the hair and threw him to the ground.

Warriors ran up and their assagais were about to pierce Livingstone, when Sebitoane stopped them, saying: "Let him go, he is a stranger and a white man." Then, looking straight at him, he said: "You have courage, you are a brave man. Never before has any one dared to strike me. Livingstone then understood for the first time whom he had attacked. "You are strong," he said, and peace was made. Lixingstone gave money to Sebitoane and Sebitoane gave Livingstone five oxen.

Seven years later Livingstone and the chief met and joked together over the incident. "You are a strong man," said Livingstone, "to have taken me by the hair and thrown me down like a child." Sebitoane showed a scar on his back and said: "And you are a famous warrior to have attacked all alone Sebitoane, who has conquered so many tribes. Look at this mark. You are the only man who has ever beaten me."